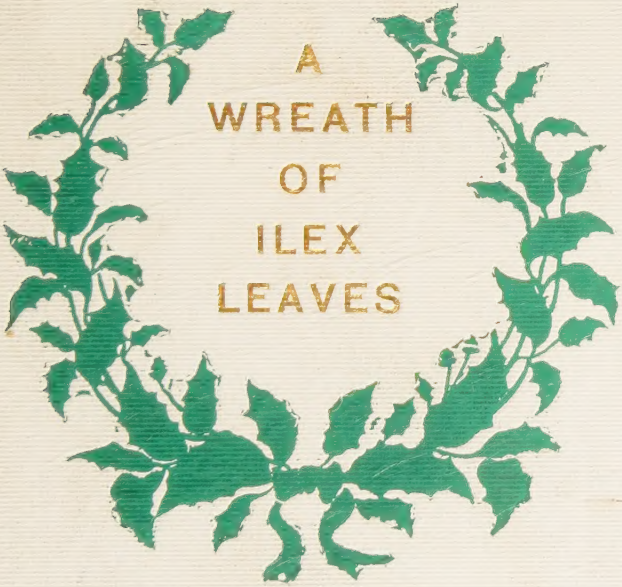
A
WREATH
OF
ILEX
LEAVES

Rev Francis C Kelley v. D.L.L.

With Christmas greetings

From

The Author

Charleston S.C.

Xmas/09.

WITHDRAWN

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Rev. P. L. Duffy, LL. D., Litt. D.

A WREATH OF ILEX LEAVES

POEMS

BY

REV. P. L. DUFFY, LL. D., LITT. D.

(ILEX)

(SECOND EDITION.)

Archdiocese of Oklahoma City Library

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by

Rev. P. L. Duffy, LL. D., Litt. D.

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PREFACE.

Yielding to the kind and urgent request of indulgent friends, men whom I could not refuse, I have collected for this Volume verses written at intervals during busy years of parish work.

I am a Priest of God, a laborer in His Vineyard, and these verses are but the glint on the grape; at most but wayside flowers culled on the way to and from the work of my Master of the Vineyard, with never a dream of pressing them between the covers of a book.

Few have been the hours on Parnassus, many on Calvary and the happiest at the Altar of my God.

THE AUTHOR.

Charleston, S. C.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Son, Give Me Thy Heart,	1
Tu Es Sacerdos,	3
Kiawah,	6
Mater Dolorosa,	8
Memorial Ode,	11
The Sacred Heart,	13
A Golden Wedding,	15
Afternoon in St. Peter's,	16
Beneath the Pines,	18
Sunset at Sea,	19
Devoir,	21
Her Violin,	22
The Man with the Hoe,	23
Her Mite,	25
Hampton,	26
Magdalen,	28
Ave Verum,	32
Beside the Sea,	34
The Shadowed Heart,	37
Advent,	38
The Requiem of the Rain,	39
At Killarney,	41
A Golden Jubilee,	43
Marse Chan,	45
The Cathedral,	46

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MAGNOLIA GARDENS,	48
THE DEAD KNIGHT,	51
ON THE BEACH,	52
CHOICE,	55
A SABBATH,	56
FATHER DAMIEN'S PORTRAIT,	59
RUS IN URBE,	60
BIRTHDAY LINES,	62
A VOTIVE LEAF,	63
EDELWEISS,	65
WHY WEEPEST THOU?	66
VIOLETS,	69
YACHTING,	70
HIS ROSES,	71
UNDER THE OAKS,	72
HEALING,	75
A CLASSMATE,	77
MEMORIAL DAY,	78
MUSIC,	80
A PICTURED CHILD,	81
STELLA MARIS,	82
LILIES,	83
ANGEL-WISE,	84
STARLIGHT,	85
A VALENTINE,	86
AN INNOCENT VICTIM,	89
SUMMITS,	91

CONTENTS.

PAGE

SONNETS.

CLOISTERED, ... 95

IN MEMORIAM, ... 96

THE LABARUM, ... 97

LEO XIII., ... 98

A SILVER CYCLE, ... 99

NOON IN NAPLES, ... 100

NIGHT IN VENICE, ... 101

ON LISTED FIELD, ... 102

A GOLDEN JUBILEE, ... 103

THE COLOSSEUM, ... 104

THE CATACOMBS, ... 105

MORNING AT MONTMARTRE, ... 106

WAFTURE, ... 107

A LEAF AND A LIFE, ... 108

CENTENNIAL ODE, ... 113

INCLUDING:

VISION, ... 116

PASSION, ... 120

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

THE ROBINS' SONG, ... 129

SINGING ON THE TERRACE, ... 130

THE CHURCH UPON THE HILL, . . . 132

OUT TO THE HARBOR BAR, ... 134

NIGHT PRAYERS ON THE MOUNTAIN, . . 136

CREED, ... 138

GOOD FRIDAY, ... 149

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
Mater Dolorosa, (Guido Reni.)	9
Magdalen,	29
Beside the Sea,	35
Magnolia Gardens,	49
On the Beach,	53
Father Damien,	58
The Oaks,	73
An Innocent Victim,	88

A WREATH OF ILEX LEAVES.

"SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

I.

My soul one day reached out beyond the skies;
The very face of God my spirit sought,
But all too splendid for my poor, dim eyes,
Straining in vain through radiant realms of thought.

II.

His glory blazed upon my eyes upraised,
Far, far beyond my yearning human heart;
My soul adoring Him was awed and dazed,
My heart bowed down and He seemed far apart.

III.

Again I took the shining upward path
Of things created to the Primal Cause;
Looked out on Time and Space whereon He hath
Writ Love, and sung it set to rhythmic laws.

IV.

His name was sounded by the sounding seas,
And spelled by sun and stars; ten thousand lips
Hymned to Him ever sweetest symphonies,
And rose and jasmine felt his finger-tips.

V.

Again I looked at man, at Thought at Art,
And He was there, his likeness mirrored clear;
I saw Him imaged in a tender heart,
I almost touched Him in a sinner's tear.

VI.

And yet He seemed so very far above
The clay whereon my heart so human stands;
And still that heart was hungering for love,
And still my soul reached out its eager hands.

VII.

Ah me! it is our self-sufficient way
To take our little beam of reason thus,
And make of it a sun to light our day,
And pierce all vistas that encompass us.

VIII.

His gracious way, the loving Father's way,
To take us through the pathways far and dim,
As little children by His side alway,
Our hand in His, our trustful eyes on Him.

IX.

At last Faith said to Reason: "Peace, be still!"
And lo! He led me down from stars and skies
And out from wondrous laws and causes till
I knelt beside the Cross with streaming eyes.

X.

And He was very near; and as I knelt
So near to Him and from the world apart.
I felt the beating of His heart, I felt
At last that God and I were heart to heart.

TU ES SACERDOS.

Great Priest of God! the Alter Christus thou!
Anointed, blest;
Eternal signet on thy youthful brow—
The kingliest.

Christ is our King, to serve whom is to reign.
What counts all loss?
What ecstacy should be each passing pain
Sharing His Cross.

No primrose paths, no siren songs for thee;
Christ's footsteps trace
A via dolorosa where we see
His woe-worn face.

Disciples in His path of penitence,
With love athrill,
Adored that face divine, of effluence
Ineffable.

That blessed the hearts of those who followed Him,
The Kindly Light,
That sunlike shone on Tabor making dim
All earth's delight.

What mattered martyrdom! great guerdon won
That aureoles;
Supremest, sweetest meed of service done
By sainted souls.

The Priest his gifts unto the Altar brings,
Science or art;
A clean oblation to the King of Kings,
A votive heart.

As man, self-immolated, thus he stands,
Greatest yet least;
Frail man uplifting sacrificial hands,
Puissant Priest.

"Follow thou me." The battle fought and won
He lives apart,
Where falls the shadow of the Cross upon
His raptured heart.

Without the grace of God, but blind and dumb;
With need to pray
Lest he who would save others should become
A castaway.

Compassionate, Christ-like, he maketh whole,
Poor, broken hearts;
Pardon, through Christ, He brings the sorrowing soul,
And peace imparts.

Thus having made, with power from above,
That soul a shrine,
He thrones therein the Sacrament of Love
Its Guest divine.

Death He defeats and vanquishes the tomb,
Its gates unbars,
And speeds the shriven soul out from its gloom
Beyond the stars.

Behold the ancient fires of sacrifice
Altars illume,
And thence the incensed smoke the olden skies
Plume and perfume.

Priesthood and holocaust of flock and field,
Symbol and sign,
To Thee O Christ, their mystic meaning yield,
Victim divine.

Thy Priest, greater than Aaron, priest of old,
Obeying Thee,
Renews the sacrifice, figures foretold,
Of Calvary.

He stands with dignity almost divine,
The other Christ,
And divinizes altared bread and wine—
God sacrificed.

Over His body, real and mystical,
The sovereign ;
His God, to sacrifice empowered to call
And pardon men.

To leave all things and follow Him, forget
Vision and dream,
The heart in utter self-surrender, yet
Triumph supreme.

What matters it what lot in life he hath;
Come wreath or rod,
Steadfast his soul along its star-ward path
Goes up to God.

KIAWAH.

Out of the glimmer of starlight,
  On the silent stream we glide
Into the sunrise splendor
  That purples the glassy tide.

From the golden gates of morning
  Red hosts march up the sky,
And crimson the clouds where Beauty
  Holds court enthroned on high.

And into our souls the splendor
  Of this Southern summer morn
Comes like a benediction,
  And skyward thoughts are born.

But hark to the breakers booming!
  We anchor, our course is run;
Hail ocean, and breeze, and sand dune;
  Hail halcyon day in the sun.

From our hearts the clouds unsunny
  Of care and life's unrest,
Flee like the mists of morning
  At Kiawah, the blest.

The shadows slant, and homeward
  We turn from the radiant day,
From Kiawah the beautiful,
  A memory fair alway.

A song floats down the river,
From boatmen dusky and strong,
The rhythmic stroke of the oarsmen
Attuned to the weird old song.

Is it some gracious vision
Framed in the setting sun,
Of life on the old plantation,
When the happy day was done.

Is it some wandering echo
Of music forever fled ?
Is it some dream whose magic
Conjures a day that is dead ?

Alas, for the dream and the vision,
And the days that are no more ;
Only the ashes of roses
Sings the sweet old song of yore.

The spires of home are looming
In the dusk of the eventide ;
The sun has set, but forever
Shall its afterglow abide.

Thus far from my sunny Southland,
Ailing, alone in my room,
I drift away in my dreaming
Homeward from gloom to bloom.

The snow is heaping its crystals,
The fairest I ever saw ;
But my soul is steeped in the sunshine
Afar at Kiawah.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 10th, 1895.

THE MATER DOLOROSA.

(GUIDO RENI.)

The Mother's upraised face that brings
  Our heart into our gaze; and where
The eyes so agonized are wings
  To thought, and thought soars into prayer.

The shadow passed His face woe-worn
  That smites her brow; the light upon
Her eyes was sifted by each thorn
  That crowned her dying God, her Son.

Guido achieved that perfect face;
  And yet with something higher than art,
He set on all its sad sweet grace
  The signet of a broken heart.

The love and worship of his theme
  He must have studied angel-wise;
Then knelt painting the pain supreme
  That glorifies those lifted eyes.

MATER DOLOROSA.
(GUIDO RENI.)

MEMORIAL ODE.

Read at the Memorial Exercises Magnolia Cemetery, Sunday May 10, 1903.

We meet where all things beauteous crown
The bourgeoning year;
We come to guard the fair renown
Entempled here.

Pilgrims, we find a fane within
Each soldier sod;
For love of country is akin
To love of God.

With votive wreaths which love entwines,
Our Vestals come
For floral service at these shrines
Of martyrdom.

In Sabbath calm and Vesper lull,
With benison,
They place their garlands beautiful
These graves upon.

With soul exalted, crystal clear,
As purest knight
Each righteous warrior sleeping here,
Sprang to the fight.

O glorious erst in battle-wrack
The Stars and Bars;
And grand these men in bivouac
Above the stars.

Now Sabbath peace and rest enfold
The flag they bore:
Honor these heroes aureoled
Forevermore.

Not all of worth is in the mart,
Or graceless gain;
White virtues, flowers of the heart,
Blossom from pain.

The hallowed cause, come gain or loss,
The soul adorns;
The Saviour died, His throne a Cross,
His crown of thorns.

Sons of the South, year after year,
These graves shall bless,
And grace their souls with lessons here
In nobleness.

Magnolias benediction wave,
In war's surcease;
And these old oaks, above each grave,
Breathe peace, sweet peace.

We thank Thee, Lord, for lives like these,
Our bravest, best.
Over the river, under the trees,
God give them rest.

THE SACRED HEART.

My wayward thoughts from Earth to-day are soaring
As from the world I kneel apart,
And bowing low dear Jesus am imploring
That thou wilt grace impart
To me a sinner lovingly adoring
Thy Sacred Heart.

While here, to Thee in sweet surrender kneeling,
Roses of pleasure ashen fall;
Here scared and stricken hearts find tender healing;
Stilled is the siren's call,
While every raptured feeling is revealing
My God, my all.

Oh chasten me, dear Lord, that I the clearer
May see its rich redeeming tide,
And leaving all and daily drawing nearer,
May in that Heart abide,
Fast cleaving to my loving Jesus dearer
Than all beside.

What matter then how fierce the gale that tosses
My life-bark on its stormy sea;
Within Thy Sacred Heart what count the losses
The years may bring to me;
How light, how sweet will be my precious crosses
When borne for Thee.

Oh God why is it that men's hearts are going
Darkling, defiant far astray,
Thy chosen children too, ungrateful growing,
Wander, alas, away,
While Thy Heart's crimson tide is fondly flowing
For them alway.

Oh pity, souls should scorn its blessed bleeding,
The Cross forsaken for the mart;
The leading of the Kindly Light unheeding,
Groping in gloom apart,
Deaf to Love's ceaseless call and patient pleading —
"Give Me thy heart."

Oh make us ponder often on its aching —
The sweetest Heart that ever bled,
The saddest, agonizing unto breaking,
Its last drop for us shed;
Then with responsive hearts from sin awaking
Near Thee we'll tread.

And happy in Thy blessed footsteps wending
Our way in sweet security,
Thy light meanwhile with cloud and shadow blending,
Our path will radiant be,
As loving, trusting we shall go ascending
Dear Heart to Thee.

O let that kindly light forsake us never
In days that darkle we implore,
And let Thy love till death enfold us ever
Sweet Heart that we adore,
Then naught from Thee our blissful souls shall sever
Forevermore.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Golden their Fifty Years!
Golden their smiles and tears;
Golden, for God appears,
Gilding their days.
Golden they keep their bond;
Golden their love so fond,
Golden here and beyond,
Golden always.

Golden each kindly face;
Golden, aglow with grace;
Golden their home blest place,
Shrining their love.
Golden their gracious ways;
Golden the hearts they raise,
Golden with prayer and praise
To God above.

Golden the soul of each,
Golden in thought and speech:
Golden their lives that teach
Love unto us.
Golden their deeds, each one,
Golden, alloy in none;
Golden their crown when won
And glorious.

Golden half-century!
Golden the memory;
Golden their gloaming be
Till day departs.
Golden the friendships sown,
Golden the reverence grown,
Golden the throne they own,
Deep in our hearts.

AFTERNOON IN SAINT PETER'S.

Rome, July 29, 1905.

God's mightiest Temple thou! the sunlight streams
  In sapphire splendor through thy Dove and Dome;
Within thy portals come centurial dreams;
  I hear the beating of thy heart O Rome.

Thou art the heart of Rome—heart of the world,
  Once under warring Cæsar's strong control;
But now his legions dust, his banners furled,
  The Rome of Christ, the City of the Soul.

Greater than Cæsar, Peter sleeps beneath
  This marble floor, his Empire vaster far;
Ever the halo shines while fades the wreath,—
  Peter is throned where crowned Apostles are.

Pale wraiths of Empires pass in spectral line,
  And phantom forms of kings almost forgot;
Thy marbled Charlemagne and Constantine
  Revisit from thy Portico this spot.

Here Peter, Prince of Christ's Apostles died,
  Nero's Arena from whose sanguined sod,
By martyr and Apostle glorified,
  Rises earth's grandest temple to our God.

Here Attila and Alaric who spared
  Naught else, and Genseric, fierce Goth and Hun,
Halted before Saint Peter's shrine and shared
  The Christian's awe, their vandal deeds undone.

Here Emperors knelt for chrism and for crown,
And here in martyrs' dust the sainted sleep,
Pontiff and priest and prince of just renown,
And here God's angels viewless vigils keep.

These lofty walls dissolve, the golden glow
On yonder Baldachin no altar frames ;
I move not yet I stand where long ago
Martyrs in myriads met lions and flames.

The sunbeams slant, the dreamful shadows fall ;
Bramante, Raphael and Angelo
Touch to their stately splendor dome and wall
Until with Art, God's temple is aglow.

Soul-satisfied I turn my trancéd eyes
And pass the Portico, deathless my dreams ;
Yon Dome looms in the fair Italian skies,
And there the Cross in sunset glory gleams.

BENEATH THE PINES.

Through slowly changing ways September strays.
Sweet-eyed but with a sigh
For dying joyance of the Summer days,
Glad Summer days gone by.

Sad-eyed she moves among the dreaming pines
That only wake to sigh
O'er carols hushed, o'er flowerless jasmine vines
And golden days gone by.

With grave sweet grace she greets upon her ways
To-day, poor hearts that sigh ;
Sigh as they move through weary, shadowed days,
For sunnier days gone by.

No, in her pensive train joy follows not,
Nor songs without a sigh,
But Peace and Rest, old faces unforgot,
And souls of days gone by.

The pines may whisper peace, calm skies speak rest,
But yet the heart will sigh
For pulseless hearts, hopesshrouded, love the best,
And deathless days gone by.

Ah me ! some songless hearts will echo here
Sad-voiced September's sigh,
Until these pines, in some young year or sere,
Shall sigh their last good bye.

Summerville, S. C.

SUNSET AT SEA.

Pilgrims, we wander far from home
  Where blue Atlantic billows roll,
Our hearts and faces turned to Rome,
  To Rome, the City of the Soul.

How radiantly beautiful
  The Heavens bend above the deep,
And golden glows the liquid lull
  Of Ocean with its waves asleep.

Essence of opal, amethyst
  And sapphire seem the gleaming skies;
Has not that iridescent mist
  Drifted afar from Paradise?

With Pilgrim eyes we see the skies
  And summer seas with beauty blest,
While yonder sunset glorifies
  The gloaming in the curtained West.

With crimson curtains that appear
  To drop from Heaven to Ocean's verge;
This hour supreme God is so near
  Earth into Heaven seems to merge.

He hangs those carmine curtains there
  Pendent from sunset's golden bars,
Who carpets Earth with flowers fair,
  And canopies the night with stars.

The God of Beauty who imparts
  Splendor beyond that of the sun—
Unsetting splendor—to the hearts
  That love Him and His grace has won.

Oh Beauty ancient ever new!
  Long lucent lances pierce the sky,
Or are they flashes in the blue
  From wings of angels passing by?

From out this Vesper lull, to men,
  Peace angel-wise comes o'er the sea,
And calms the troubled heart as when
  Christ stilled the storm in Galilee.

God grant this hour may symbolize
  Life's Pilgrimage at set of sun—
The Vision that shall greet our eyes
  Of glory when our day is done.

In Mid-Atlantic, July 18, 1905.

DEVOIR.

The glow of youth was on his brow,
Within his soul the grace of God,
One year ago; above him now
The fallen leaves, the wintry sod.

Cold is the patient heart that bore
The body's lingering pain of years;
His brave bright eyes greet us no more
To smile away love's starting tears.

Toil was his tourney; debonair,
His pen his lance, he bore his part;
His mother was his Ladye Fair,
His devoir done with knightly heart.

Home was his Court, his Table Round
The dear ones at the hearth he met;
His guerdon, love, with these he found
And these, ah no, cannot forget.

His presence was so large a part
Of home it seems to linger yet;
Alas! for them the aching heart,
The longing and the lashes wet.

He shrined God in his sinless soul,
And Faith to mourners whispereth
That Christ, All-Healer, maketh whole
His own though bruised, aye, unto death.

HER VIOLIN.

The sunbeams fell aslant the hill
And touched to gold the cottage eaves ;
The skies were blue, the winds were still
And troubled not the russet leaves.

In healing halls I dwelt apart
A little while, a spell within
My erstwhile tired and tuneless heart
That heard a wondrous violin.

And saw a guileless girl's face,
The glow of innocence therein,
Bending with unaffected grace
Above her magic violin.

Her soul it was that touched the strings
That night and sweetest music made ;
To-night a prayerful memory brings
Again her "Angels' Serenade."

Her Adagio told in minor key
Of pain of longing and of loss ;
I chose to hear it plaintively
Moaning of woe upon the Cross.

That music floats across the years
And silences the city's din ;
And to a soul attuned appears
The vision of a violin.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(Answer to Edwin Markham.)

Knotted and gnarled the rugged figure stands,
Vassal to the despotic needs of life,
His field his world and his hoe his wealth;
And yet not brother to the ox, for, hark!
Along the sunset skies the Angelus
Hallows the twilight and he bows in prayer.
No, Millet did not mar him thus, this man
Who thrills to valiant tales of La Vendee;
Whom Jeanne D'Arc's name awakes to ecstacy;
And did another saintly Louis lead,
Would die, Crusader, on far Syrian sands.

Never the muses through his weary days
Dowered his toil or thinking with a dream.
Never the star-eyed goddess Science read
The poem of fossil, story of a star,
Or glimpsed the microcosm of the cell;
And yet not brother to the ox, for far
Beyond Parnassus and the Pleiades
His soul soars into the infinitude,
And worshipful, bows down above the stars,
High in the temple of the Triune God.

No, no, not brother to the ox, this man,
The toiler, brother to the Fishermen
Of Galilee; brother of martyrs, yea,
Of Jesus, Carpenter of Nazareth.
Not brother to the ox.

The sovereign soul
Though throned in this uncouth and toilworn man
Still owns the image of its God and still
Unconquerable and immortal reigns
Serene, secure against the warring world,
As when the martyrs faced fierce lions and flames,
And mighty Rome could not coerce a soul;
Or now in the arena of the heart,
Steadfast against the raging flames and beasts
That unmake man, this toiling peasant can
Conquer where fell Cæsar, Napoleon,
And stand a man, with kingly signet on
The image and the likeness of his God.

And though no gilded gallery is his,
No joy of Roman or Athenian thought,
No heritage of Grove or Portico,
No glance at aeons or the empyrean,
Yet for this burdened toiler Christ was born;
For him the message and the angel's song,
"Glory to God on high and peace to men!"
For him the scourge, the thorns, the nails, the lance
Wrought utterness of woe on Calvary;
For him Rabboni and the Easter morn,
The promise and the proof of deathless days—
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."
O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Your brother in the brotherhood of man
Is folded in the fatherhood of God.

HER MITE.

Scarce audible the timid lisp
Of childhood's speech as at the door
She said: "Dear Mother may I give
Something to Father for the poor?"

Her fingers searched her little purse
And cent by cent she smiled to part
With all, to be a blessed ray
Of sunshine to some shadowed heart.

A tender thought, a gracious gift
And words like buds on little lips;
A deed to sweeten older hearts
And dim our eyes in wet eclipse.

A little thought, a little act,
A little child with wistful eyes,
But promises of Christ, we know,
Such deeds of love eternalize.

HAMPTON.

Days of a grace most tender
In all the Creator's plan;
Life of serenest splendor
And men, like Lee, Arthurian.

Echoes of olden voices,
Phantom delights long dead;
Ashes of golden roses,
Shadows of splendor fled.

Vision of Hampton, princely,
In old plantation days,
Serving his State and blameless—
Conscience his King always.

Alas, for the days so hallowed,
And their grace forever fled;
Alas, for the furled banner,
Alas, for our gallant dead.

Starlike, the light of a nation,
Sublime in sad eclipse,
Forever an inspiration
On unforgetting lips.

Afterglow of the glory
Of the Grey and the Stars and Bars,
Deathless the deeds of heroes
Tented beyond the stars.

Vision of Hampton charging,
The Stars and Bars above
His legion, their knightly leader
Panoplied in their love.

Spectre of fortunes broken
Of vandals in forum and mart,
Of a State profaned and prostrate
With harpies at her heart.

Vision of Hampton, Chieftain,
Saving his stricken State,
Kingly in Council and Senate,
Greatest of our great.

Oh, the gloom and the glory looming
Of hallowed, heroic years ;
Oh, vision of Hampton misted
In Carolina's tears.

MAGDALEN.

Her wondrous beauty who might paint
That far day when
Weeping she knelt, the sinner-saint,
The Magdalen.

Simon, self-righteous, grieves to see
Her tainted touch;
But Christ rebukes the Pharisee:
"She hath loved much."

"Many her sins forgiven," he hears,
"Is it not meet
To pardon her? See, with her tears
She bathes my feet."

Her penitence wins pardon there
So full, so sweet,
The golden glory of her hair
Makes dry His feet.

An after day with love replete
And anguished loss,
Great saint, she kissed those bleeding feet
Nailed to the Cross.

Her love illumes that awful gloom;
Alone, forlorn
Dawn finds her hastening to the tomb
That Easter morn.

With her anointing spice she will
Sweeten His death;
Naim and Bethany she still
Remembereth.

MAGDALEN.

Some solace for her woe she feels
To tend Him dead;
But at the empty tomb she kneels
Uncomforted.

"Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"
O voice divine!
"Rabboni!" O what rapture now
Mary is thine.

The wounds of sin that sorrow heals
Are radiant scars
That life, however dark, reveals
As shining stars.

The barren heart that evil sears
And sows with weeds,
When ploughed by penance, wet with tears,
Owns priceless seeds,

That bloom and bourgeon beautified,
With grace aglow,
Touched by the blood of Him who died
To heal our woe.

O broken vase! O broken heart
Of Magdalen.
Like love and grief Oh Christ impart
To sinning men.

From Hope entombed the dark stone rolls
Moved by Thy word;
Oh roll away the stone from souls
Sin-sepulchred.

AVE VERUM.

Music I place among sacred things
  Since that morn it greeted the Saviour's birth,
Choiring the praise of the King of Kings
  And bringing his message of peace to earth.

One Christmas morning the altar aglow
  In the Chapel, throned the Presence Divine
Of the first glad Christmas long ago,
  Under the stars in Palestine.

Some strain of that far off morning born
  Must have wandered on to the Chapel there,
And merged itself that Christmas morn
  In the Ave Verum that winged our prayer,

And guided our souls to the summit of tears —
  And a tear, I hold, is the fairest gem
In the crown of love—and over the years
  Love led us back to Bethlehem.

Back to that morn of Infinite Love
  Our hearts flew over the centuries dead,
And peace on earth and glory above,
  Through the hush of our hearts was heralded.

Yes, that Ave Verum attuned the jars
  Of toil and pain in our lives that day,
To the song that sounded under the stars
  Where the Prince of Peace in the manger lay.

Some days that wane not, each memory owns ;
To me one memorial morning brings
An Ave Verum's beautiful tones
That came like the rustling of angels' wings.

In music, I hold, man sometimes hears
Something more potent than nature and art,
For a voice that pearls our prayer with tears
Is the voice of a bowed, a beautiful heart

BESIDE THE SEA.

'Twas God's own day beside the sunlit sea ;
Two sauntered saint-like on the shining shore ;
One music-loving sought the psalmody
Of breakers on the beach, and we were four.

The pathos of the Passiontide was there
Albeit the sunshine, and in pensive mood
Our casual words held undertones of prayer
And souls soared into the infinitude.

The lustrous sea and sky, the lucent tints
Of shells were pages in a sacred tome ;
One worshipful beheld the finger prints
Of God upon the opalescent foam.

From sunlit sand dunes near each priestly palm
Waved benediction. Odors of the sea
Seemed incense ; wave and heart were blest with calm
As when Christ stilled the storm on Galilee.

Yes, for a little while life's stress and care
Drifted far out beyond the ocean's rim,
And God that day was very near us there
While sea and sky hymned to our souls of Him.

And God's own days may gleam in stormy years
And grace like sunshine blessed peace impart,
For He can sweeten bitter brine of tears
And quell the whelming tempest of the heart.

Isle of Palms.

BESIDE THE SEA

THE SHADOWED HEART.

Lily of innocence abloom
With grace of God in girlhood years;
Soul-flowers of God like thee illume
The shadows in this vale of tears.

Fresh as the dewy grasses green,
Fair as the flowers in Eden grown,
Of Maytime blooms incarnate queen,
Girl bud with beauty barely blown.

And so your kindness deigned to cull
The firstlings that the fields impart,
Bringing the offering beautiful,
Thou sunbeam of this shadowed heart.

Heart in the shadow of the Cross
Which Calvary's Passion flowers entwine,
Perfuming human pain and loss —
Sweet shadow shrining Love divine.

ADVENT.

An Altar flowerless, where lights are few;
The Gloria mute, the Vestment violet—
Symbols of sorrow, sombre robes of rue!
Why Advent, should thy wistful eyes be wet?

Plaintive this prelude to the Angel's hymn,
Tearful its theme in touching minor chord;
And foregleams of that natal morn are dim,
What time the kindly kine looked on the Lord.

Advent, thy voice holds echoes of the sighs
Of prophet, patriarch and saint of old,
With yearning eyes on unresponsive skies
Expecting the Messiah oft foretold.

And in thy face, oh Advent, deeper gloom,
And sad and strong yet tender tones are thine,
Pleading with hearts wherein there is no room,
No greeting for the coming Guest divine.

A Voice austere, another John, thou art,
Heralding Christ to Sinners, born for them:—
"Awake, arise, thou hard unheeding heart,
The path of penance leads to Bethlehem."

Along that path I fain would go akin
To Shepherds, with no royal gift to bring.
Christ make my heart, inhospitable inn,
A shelter poor but welcome for my King.

THE REQUIEM OF THE RAIN.

(Captain F. W. Dawson, K. S. G.)

In a ceaseless, sad refrain,
The wailing winds unite
With the sobbing, pitying rain
Over his grave to-night.

Dark are the tearful skies,
Over the wind and rain;
Dark our hearts, for the eyes
Never to smile again.

Spirits of comrades slain,
Phantoms of years that are fled,
Sob in the wind and the rain
Over the soldier dead.

Throbbing with prayer and pain,
Our hearts are at his grave;
Sadder than wind and rain,
Mourning the true and brave.

His name our love invokes,
In vain, alas, in vain;
Under the weeping oaks,
Under the moaning rain.

Strong as the wind in storm,
  Sweet as the rain in spring,
The heart in the kingly form—
  Heart of a knight, a king.

Some summer sun may spread
  His grave the grasses o'er!
But oh, the dead, the dead,
  Will come again no more.

Cease, rain, your sobbing cease,
  His new-made grave above;
Christ, give him rest and peace
  The Christian man we love.

March 13, 1889.

AT KILLARNEY.

(On the Lakes, August 30, 1905.)

"Killarney—" far the bugle sends
The notes that lingering echoes wake;
Heard beauty with seen beauty blends—
The song is wedded to the lake.

Erin, those plaintive echoes grieve
For glories that have ceased to be;
Fair Queen, the purpling shadows weave
A shroud for thy dead royalty.

Thy Brehon laws pure justice dealt
To clan and chief, and courts were thine,
When Romulus and Remus dwelt
In huts upon the Palatine.

Of mighty kings and valiant men,
Of bard and sage, this was the home
When Goth and Hun and Saracen
Laid low thy pride, imperial Rome.

The Shepherd boy on Slemish hill
Calls to his flocks as evening falls;
Later his saintly accents thrill
Bowed King and court in Tara's halls.

From heights that wall this waveless calm,
Come phantom echoes sweet and low,
Of cloisters choiring hymn and psalm
More than a thousand years ago.

All Europe homage rendered thee
Through centuries of Learning's reign,
When Gaels taught in Italy
And graced the schools of Charlemagne.

Enamored of thy loveliness
Kings, Vikings would make thee their own,
And warred until thou didst possess
The Cross alone and not a throne.

Greatness begotten of the soul
Yields not to might or pain or loss ;
Hail Erin ! victrix in thy dole,
Truest of nations to the Cross.

Heroic race ! Thy heritage
Valor and virtue, through the years
Writ in thy Iliad, page on page,
How oft in blood, how oft in tears.

The crown was wrested from thy brow
And Sorrow draped thee fold on fold ;
Mother of saints and martyrs thou,
Uncrowned of men, but aureoled.

Cease, bugle, cease thy tender song ;
Cease, echoes, in the darkening glen,
Or tears will flow from eyes that long
To see thee Erin Queen again.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Mother Teresa, Charleston Convent.

Low in the twilight time of Christmas tide,
Before God's altar, flowered and aglow,
A white-robed maiden bowed, a bride,
God's bride a half a hundred years ago.

The world had smiled upon her, young and fair,
Had sung its siren song; its gain or loss
She counted not, but left the luring glare,
And knelt within the shadow of the Cross.

What counts all gain or loss, to have a part
With Christ in pain and loss; with him in love
Of stricken hearts? Her seeming shadowed heart
Glowed, kneeling there, with radiance from above.

A half a hundred years ago! We name
To-day her Golden Wedding—fitting phrase!
Through sorrow's ways, in lives of pain and shame
She wedded golden deeds to prayerful days.

She touched the aching brow to lesser ache;
On lives that bore a cross she placed a crown;
Hearts that were breaking through her did not break,
And near her Death lost something of his frown.

Flower-like above those buried years we see,
  Fairer for darkest shadows and for tears,
Missions of mercy, deeds of charity,
  Unfading flowers to bloom through deathless years.

Time, let thy touch be as a mother's touch,
  On her through all her happy days to be—
To aching brow and heart her touch was such,
  God bless her, bless her through eternity.

MARSE CHAN.

Here, writ on each pathetic page,
The radiant story
Of Chivalry—our golden age
And olden glory.

The tender tale a laurel wreath,
Whereon to pillow
Our love for those who sleep beneath
Cypress and willow.

A requiem sounds across sad years,
A sacred psalter,
And fall the South's entempled tears,
Our hearts the altar.

And there the priesthood of the pen
Their service render,
Until dead days come back again—
The Old South's splendor.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Grand Palace of our Sovereign King;
  Altar of God, Temple of Him
Whose praise the choiring angels sing,
  Before whom bow the Seraphim.

Beyond long years a vision looms
  Of holocausts from field and fold,
And sacrificial smoke that plumes
  Expectant skies in days of old.

And tent and tabernacle hold
  Altars of symbols that sufficed
For sacrifices that foretold
  The great High Priest and Victim, Christ.

Lo! Temple sublime of Solomon!
  Holy of Holies, psalm and hymn,
All, all thy golden grandeur gone,
  Altar and Arc and Cherubim.

But glory here, for grandeur gone,
  For He for whom the prophets sighed
Is here, High Priest and Victim one,
  Jesus our Love, the Crucified.

Chalice and paten are His throne;
  Love veils in seeming bread and wine
The glory that the Heavens own—
  Beautiful Host, Victim divine.

Typed in this temple Heaven behold,
And Calvary in the altar near ;
Grand let it be with gifts of gold,
Holy of Holies, God is here.

Pontiff and King with loving heart,
Have wrought with royal offering
Marbled Cathedrals glowing with art,
To shrine their Eucharistic King.

Here shall the Levite at His call
In sweet surrender prostrate lie,
The Alter Christus, leaving all
To follow Him, if need, to die.

In splendid ritual shall be viewed
The seal of power on Bishops set
In Apostolic plenitude,
Recalling far-off Olivet.

The font, the lustral waters here ;
Before this Altar brides shall wed,
And Hope shall speak to hearts that hear
The solemn requiem of their dead.

Oh ! Earth thy treasures hither bring ;
Render thy tribute rarest Art ;
Genius come hither worshipping ;
Kneel, Man, with an adoring heart.

MAGNOLIA GARDENS ON THE ASHLEY.

Here Beauty holds her Court, her gracious King
  The sovereign sun; her suite the flowers ablaze
  With radiant raiment woven by Southern rays,
The placid woodland waters mirroring
The flowery splendors of the bourgeoning Spring.
  Here petalled portieres deck the walls of bloom;
  Azaleas aflame the halls illume;
Magnolias column stately avenues,
Gleaming arcades, marbled with lucent hues.
  The sunlit air is vibrant with perfume
Sweeter than music and each bud unblown
Incenses Beauty on her glowing throne.
  The roses breathe their homage all day long,
  Spring is her vassal, life a scented song.

Fair Temple thou! Memorial of the Past.
  The aisles are pillared by the plaintive pines,
  And pendent mosses drape and ivy twines
Old oaks that sentinel sweet memories.
Cold silence epitaphs hushed revelries;
On graves of dear dead days bloom flowers fair
And wraiths of dead delights are in the air.
The eyes see Beauty's Court, but hearts behold
The greater glories of the days of old.
The scene is sombre where the shafts of gloom
Pierce the spring sunshine from the ancient tomb.
But which is better, holier, light or shade?
The splendors that the hanging gardens made
O'er Babylon—but immemorial dross,
Or Calvary, crowned and shadowed by the Cross?

MAGNOLIA GARDENS

THE DEAD KNIGHT.

(Robert Barnwell Rhett, Jr., M. D.)

To beat back Death, heal penury and pain,
His chosen part;
Untarnished by corroding greed of gain,
His golden heart.

Vassal in toil, in nobleness a King;
Love his device,
His signet, service to the suffering
And sacrifice.

Selfless about his hallowed quest he went;
Intense his strife
With Death that struck at others—thus he spent
Himself, his life.

Stainless his knightly soul, dentless his shield;
Full panoplied
In perfect courtesy on every field,
Love was his meed.

The people's prayers, the Christian's crown are thine
Physician, man,
Who poured in wounded hearts love's oil and wine—
Samaritan.

Farewell! Thy memory with immortelle
Is garlanded:
Rest well, thou knightly foe of Death, where dwell
The deathless dead.

ON THE BEACH.

I walked between the gleam and gloom
To-day, on storied Moultrie's strand,
And listened to the mellow boom
Of breakers on the silvery sand.
A mystic spell my spirit wooed,
Sweeter than sweetest ever found
In songful sylvan solitude
Or sunset summit, crimson-crowned.

Upon the sea a vesper calm
Lay brooding over liquid miles,
Hallowing like a worldless psalm
Or stillness in cathedral aisles.
Like fair nuns' faces, pure and white,
Wave crests were gleaming on the bar;
And, like a sanctuary light,
There glimmered far the evening star.

O sea! O sea! a heart thou hast:—
Upon the shore I heard its beat,
From out thy bosom, deep and vast.
Upon life's shore are weary feet;
And weary hearts reach out beyond;
While Faith uplifted, Peter trod
The sea of old; and heart-beats fond,
Reach down from out the heart of God.

On the Beach.

CHOICE.

"Serve me," the world sings,
Tempting with offerings
Till we grow faint.
Fair is her smiling face;
Fond is her false embrace,
Desert and drear the place
Set for the saint.

Though thus the world beguile,
Luring with song and smile,
Siren is she.
Fairer the face of Christ
On the Cross sacrificed,
Ransom divinely priced
For you and me.

A SABBATH.

Just when the pensive days began to miss
Glad Summer dead ;
Ere hectic Autumn had begun to kiss
The leaves to red ;

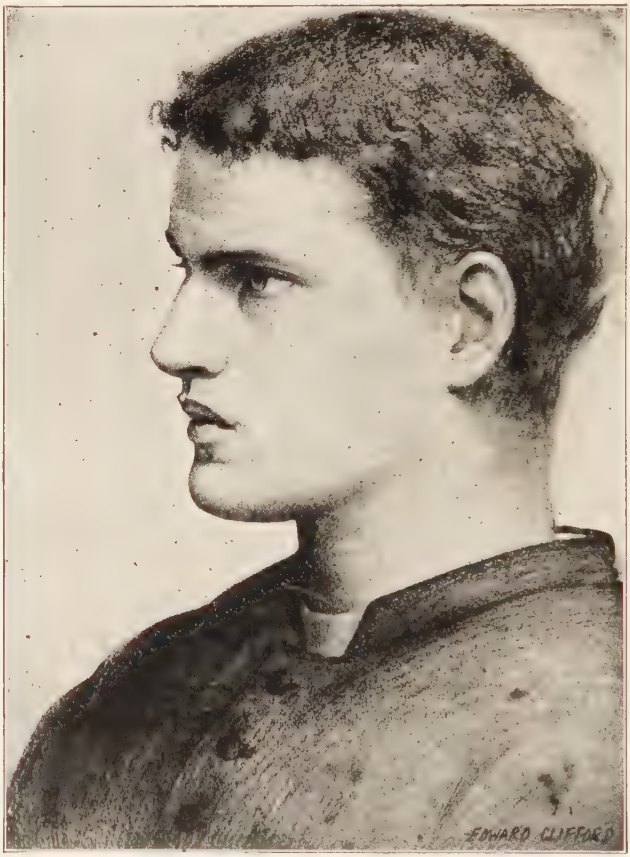
When wistful skies told more of tears than mirth—
Than mirth more blest,
And hints of Heaven hovered over earth,
She won her rest.

When dreaming pines held fewer songs than sighs :
In sweet surcease
Of toil that Sabbath morn when fields and skies
Were whispering "Peace,"

We laid her in God's Acre safe from strife,
With peace above
And peace around her, fittingly, whose life
Was peace and love.

And all the Village grieved, and flowers were laid
Above her there,
Fair as her deeds, and kneeling sad hearts made
A wreath of prayer.

That morning comes a Sabbath to the heart
Vexed with unrest ;
Its sainted dead, its peace and prayer impart
A memory blest.



FATHER DAMIEN, MARTYR PRIEST,
DIED OF LEPROSY AT MOLOKAI, APRIL 10, 1889.

FATHER DAMIEN'S PORTRAIT.

Greeting! with Damien's portrait which you prize;
His form unscarred,
Youth on his brow unlined, love in his eyes
Divinely starred.

Intense, his priestly gaze appears to go
Across the years
To Calvary, and for its utter woe
Holds unshed tears,

And gleams of sacrificial light that come,
And beautify,
From out his heart aflame for martyrdom
At Molokai.

Unmarred his face and fair, and not as when
Far seas beside,
Self-exiled, leprous for the love of men,
He Christlike died.

That day God by the choiring hosts above
Was glorified;
And golden gleamed the bond of mankind's love
When Damien died.

RUS IN URBE.

It is only a little idyl,
Penned by a child in her teens,
Yet a magical wand that conjures
Life's fairest, sunniest scenes.

She wafts me far from the City
From the care and toil it yields,
And over the years she bears me
Back to my boyhood's fields.

Back to the vernal splendor
Of Southern forest and lane,
Out from the ruts in the city,
Out from its burden and pain.

Like stately pines are the steeples
That loom in the twilight gloom,
And the dull and angular houses
Merge into banks of bloom.

The City's discordant noises
Are changed to a summer song,
And the lilt of the reapers mellows
The din of the trafficking throng.

The stones blossom into daisies;
Each street is a woodland lane,
And I am a boy and dreaming
Among the jasmines again.

Of the bloom and the blessed sunshine
And joyance I am a part,
With a song in my soul and ever
The peace of the fields in my heart.

O memory hold thy treasures
Till the time of the eventide ;
Let the glow of the early morning
With the gloaming of life abide.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

God bless thee on thy happy natal day.
Smile, brightest skies,
Upon this gleaming milestone on her way
To Paradise.

Some sacred sorrows in this life of thine,
And sacrifice,
Lend hallowed light to pensive eyes that shine
Madonna-wise.

And eager toil for love of dear ones lends
A nobleness
To thee, fair Friend, whom kindred and thy friends
All love and bless.

And God has set His signet on thy days
Of peace and calm,
Of grace that gleams in all thy words and ways,
Thy life a psalm.

God keep thee thus always and give to thee
A natal morn
Some day, some day in far eternity,
To glory born.

Some day when all thy peaceful days shall close,
Thy work well done,
There, where the Beatific Vision glows,
Thy crown well won.

A VOTIVE LEAF.

(On Receiving Carlyle McKinley's Poems.)

Veiled is the sorcery of Sapelo,
And shadowed the sand dunes by the sea,
While the mourning waves make moan below
And the plaintive pines their threnody.

For he sang of the sunshine at Sapelo
As he toiled in the tumult of street and mart;
And the lingering grace of the afterglow
Enraptured with rest his weary heart.

And sadder the silence at Timrod's grave,
For there, as a pilgrim, with heart bowed down,
Came his fellow poet to loyally crave
Our love for the dead and a fadeless crown.

And wove in the wish a fond farewell
Of his own sweet verses of love and praise –
A votive chaplet, an immortelle,
To grace that grave through the songless days.

In "After Ten Years" his voice comes down
From beyond Parnassus and over the stars,
And summons the men of knightly renown,
Who blazoned with glory the Stars and Bars.

And tenderer the face of the Crucifer;
More piteous the pierced hands and feet,
For the lines of the poet minister
In a mission with love replete—

The love of the Master in words and deeds,
  That pardon and peace impart,
When the soul of the sinner in sorrow bleeds,
  And Love flowers forth in a desert heart.

In this treasured volume the Muses call
  His friends to his grave with quickened grief :
Poet ! Chide not the friend who would let fall
  On thy laureled mound this withering leaf.

EDELWEISS.

(On the Rigi, August 14, 1905.)

On Rigi's utmost rim I dream,
The lace-like cloudlets far below,
And see the high horizon gleam
With glacier and eternal snow.

Above the world of carking care,
Where strife or stress may not intrude,
The heart to-day attuned to prayer
Sings in this crystal solitude.

Of God this Alpine vastness speaks,
God mirrored by the earth and sky;
In snowy vestments priest-like peaks
Point to the great white Throne on high.

God of the lilies of the vale
Reigning on heights of snow and ice;
For here He crowns with beauty pale,
The Nun of flowers, this Edelweiss.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

O! Easter Altar, beautiful
With lilies fair
And votive blooms she loved to cull
And offer there.

There at her casket garlanded
And flower-drest,
One year ago we knelt and said,
God give her rest.

Her sainted soul with grace was bright,
And love divine.
Her hallowed home blessed with its light
Glowed like a shrine.

She bid the clouds of care depart,
Erst happy while,
And summoned summer to the heart
With sunny smile.

She saunters by the summer sea
No more, no more,
But walks, through blissful years to be,
The golden shore.

But shadowed now the sunlit sea
And sad its tones,
And in the waves' weird minstrelsy
A requiem moans.

In dreams along the moonlit track
Of silver foam,
Adown the starlight she comes back
Again to home.

No more she tends the seeded sod
And buds unblown,
To make the Altar of her God
A flowered throne.

Along life's path her gracious ways
Bloomed like the flowers—
Like violets they graced the days,
The perfumed hours.

And hushed the voice so gently wise,
So sweet, so full
Of tenderness, and closed the eyes
So beautiful.

The heart beneath the oaks is still,
With God above
It loves the dear ones still, athrill
With larger love.

Sad hearts she healed with gentlest touch
Cannot forget ;
These pray for her they loved so much,
With eyelids wet.

The kindly hands are folded now
That, known not, gave.
And we in love and sorrow bow
Above her grave.

We place her precious flowers there
Our tears upon,
And echo there her dying prayer,
"Thy will be done."

Bruised hearts that break our Lord can make
In Heaven whole;
Till then we pray with hearts that ache,
God rest her soul.

"Whom seekest thou? Why weepest thou?"
That Easter morn
The Saviour said, and says it now
To hearts forlorn.

And pointing to his pierced side,
The Crucified
But risen Christ said, "Peace abide,"
That eventide.

He died upon the bitter tree
And rose our King;
"Oh, death where is thy victory,
Oh, death thy sting?"

The glory of that Easter parts
The gates of gloom—
Hope's pathway home for parted hearts
On through the tomb.

"And He shall wipe away all tears;"
And glorified,
Forever through eternal years,
Love shall abide.

VIOLETS.

Though sunbeams these forget,
Though dews no longer wet,
Withered and scentless yet
Dearer to me
Than all the roses rare
Scenting the sunny air ;
Treasured with tender care
Dead though they be.

Faded ! ah no they bloom,
Ah yes, their sweet perfume
Through days of glare or gloom
Cannot depart ;
Sun-like a memory fair,
Dew-like a daily prayer,
Make the dead violets there
Bloom in my heart.

YACHTING.

Out from the bay this summer day,
From corroding care we race ;
We sail away in sun and spray,
That bronze each happy face ;
Potent as wine, the bracing brine,
And as Vikings free are we ;
Almost divine this joy of thine,
O, sovereign, sunlit sea.

An elixir exhales from summer gales,
Sailing serene blue billows between ;
In memory pales the verdure of vales,
And the sheen of the evergreen ;
In the sun and the breeze on summer seas,
The lordliest lives we live,
For days like these are ecstasies,
Supremest earth can give.

To ocean's flow in the afterglow,
Is attuned my pensive mood—
An adagio, an echo low
Of the vast infinitude ;
Reaching afar where the beacons are,
Past the dim and distant shores,
Beyond the bar and the farthest star,
My spirit soars and adores.

God's word can keep the winds that sweep,
At rest on sea and land,
The mighty deep, its storms asleep,
In the hollow of His hand.
His mercies still the whole world fill,
And peace, sweet peace, impart,
For if we will His love can still
The tempest of the heart.

HIS ROSES.

Fair roses from the little plot
He planted in his leisure hours ;
So like his kindness unforgot,
And fragrant as these beauteous flowers.

For like these roses precious seeds
Of golden sheaves he loved to sow
In orphaned hearts, his gracious deeds,
Plucking the weeds of want and woe.

Friends keep with tender care the place
Where flowers his memory caress ;
Each bud seems like some little face,
His kindness touched to sunniness.

Though he is gone, his roses bloom
Radiant from out his seeded sod ;
So, too, his deeds beyond the tomb
Bloom in the garden of his God.

I place these roses, pure and fair,
Upon God's altar, offering rare,
Where he is ofttimes named, and where
His charity perfumes my prayer.

UNDER THE OAKS.

Between the columned oaks we rode:
  Gray mosses canopied the scene;
Faintly the setting sunbeams glowed,
  Sifted between the gray and green.
One sighed and said: "A place to weep,"
  Where all day long the shadows fall,
And solitude and silence keep
  Their sombre vigils over all.

As twilight faded into dusk
  The keen, tense thought of street and mart
Fell from us like a withered husk,
  And glowed the grace within the heart
That finds in hushed cathedral aisles
  Stillness and dimness dearer far
Than siren songs or luring smiles,
  And altar light that dims a star.

The grace that hears the sweetest songs
  In minor chord when memories hold
The unforgetting heart that longs
  To greet again fond hearts of old;
That fairest holds of all things found
  Under the skies, however shaped
By man or sun, a sacred mound
  Beneath an oak with mosses draped.

The grace that sees more radiant glow
  A tear in love or pity shed
Than sunset, purpling peaks of snow,
  Or heavens rainbow garlanded;
And in our shadowed hours the grace
  That sees above all pain or loss,
The glory of His sad, sweet face
  Shrined in the shadow of the Cross.

The Oaks.

HEALING.

(To the Sisters of Mercy
St. Francis Xavier Infirmary.)

Far by the sunlit sea
Long since in Galilee,
Christ sauntered silently—
Prayerfully.
Fain would He healing bring
Unto all sorrowing,
Jesus, our gracious King,
All-Healer He.

Magdalen weeps and kneels,
Penitent love appeals;
Pardon with love He seals,
So Jesus heals.
Ears where were sepulchred
Sweet sounds of lute and bird,
Hearing His healing word
To music stirred.

Not only souls that ache,
Not only hearts that break,
Unto His healing wake
Out of their gloom;
But bodies bruised and spent
Felt His medicament;
Nay, by His words were rent
Cerement and tomb.

Darkness that sentinels
Prisoned eyes He dispels ;
Lips where sad silence dwells
Sing canticles.
Feet that were halt before
Haste to the Temple door ;
Hands reach up to adore
Palsied no more.

Lo ! in His footsteps press,
Sharing His tenderness,
Sisters who tend and bless,
Even as He,
Those they find suffering ;
Healing to these they bring,
Christ-like ministering
Jesus for Thee.

On the Silver Jubilee of the Infirmary 1907.

A CLASSMATE.

Fair memories of College days unroll,
Misted in tears,
For him who kept the whiteness of his soul
Through all his years.

To starry heights where Science is enthroned
He eager trod,
And knelt, for higher wisdom still he owned
The fear of God.

Brave, blithe and debonair there was no place
For other fear;
Obedience became him like a grace,
This Mountaineer:

Life was a happy tourney then, his dower
His panoply,
High honor and his heart the perfect flower
Of chivalry.

Faith gilded his honor; love perfumed his heart
That held our own
Through all these years, though far apart,
And graver grown.

To Alma Mater loyal love he gave;
Her rolls bequeath
No purer name than his upon whose grave
Love lays this wreath.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Honor the dead, these soldiers sleeping
Their glorious sleep ;
With love of man and woman's weeping,
Their memory keep.

These graves of heroes, resting breathless,
Are flowered fanes,
Where Valor hymns a Lost Cause, deathless
While Honor reigns.

Oh, wouldst thou know the knightly manner
They fought and bled ?
Go, ask the blood upon that banner*
Shot to a shred.

Let not our love and reverence falter
Through years to be ;
Their sacrifice was on the altar
Of liberty.

The consecration of a nation
Whose cause survives
In hearts that hold it inspiration
To nobler lives.

Bring garlands of remembrance hither
With tear drops wet ;
Better that arms and hearts should wither
Than these forget.

*The battle flag of the Irish Volunteers.

Another sunset and they perish—
  Each rose and wreath;
Not so the deeds of those we cherish
  Asleep beneath.

Our dead, however days may darken,
  Shall sentinel
The Southland, calling while we hearken,
  "All's well, all's well!"

God's acre owns no battle splendor;
  In war's surcease
The shadows fold them, silent, tender,
  In peace, sweet peace.

Place votive cross and crown above them,
  And immortelle,
To say that through the years we love them
  Whom God rests well.

MUSIC.

For all things here below, decay and death ;
For seasons, suns and stars, all things save one,
The sovereign soul, image of God, that breath
Divine, which may not know oblivion.

Created in the undreamed harmonies
Of Godhead, it descended from above
Whence Music comes, heard best on bended knees,
With heart attuned unto its theme of love.

When Christ, the Prince of Peace, would break the bars
Of prisoned souls, song heralded His birth ;
Exultant angels choired beneath the stars,
"Glory to God on high and peace to earth."

His love too large for arbitrary word,
And blessedness too deep for fathomed phrase,
In mystic music make their meaning heard
The while the raptured soul bows down and prays.

The empire of the chisel and the brush,
Outlasting sceptred realms, shall cease to be ;
But high above the dead creation's hush
Music shall still delight divinity.

For anthem upon anthem shall unroll
From choiring saint and seraph worshipping,
And in this native language of the soul
We, glorified, shall sing unto our King.

A PICTURED CHILD.

A pictured child tense thought beguiles,
So life-like I could fain believe
That from the gilded frame she smiles
And speaks to me, dear Genevieve.

An added joy to happy hearts
And solace to the hearts that grieve,
This sweet and sinless soul imparts—
Sunbeam incarnate, Genevieve.

Child Sovereign, we own her reign;
Her words and ways, so winsome, weave
About our hearts a flower-like chain
Linking our love to Genevieve.

Tired eyes shall rest upon this face
Finding from toil and care reprieve.
So angel-wise the guileless grace
That hallows gentle Genevieve.

As such Christ asks us to be led,
Such into Heaven He will receive;
Of such His Kingdom, He hath said—
Children in trust like Genevieve.

STELLA MARIS.

Golden the dawning when thou dost arise
  Heralding joyance of mornings to be,
Smiling a welcome to Youth's sunny skies,
  Star of the Morning, Star of the Sea.

Glimmering, tremulous, when the shades fall
  Gleam in the gloaming, I pray thee for me,
Lighting the shadows and piercing the pall,
  Star of the Evening, Star of the Sea.

Ever in tempests, down through the dark
  Shine as a beacon that tired eyes may see
Heaven, the haven to harbor my bark,
  Star of the Midnight, Star of the Sea.

Mary, Sweet Mother, thou art the Star,
  And Life is the Ocean beamed on by Thee;
We are the voyagers faring afar,
  Star of the Pilgrim, Star of the Sea.

LILIES.

A dream of dreams that vesper hour
Beneath the dreamful skies of May ;
And round us Maytime bud and flower
And nuns to lead the pensive way.

The incense from the Altar seemed
To float upon the purer air ;
The organ hushed, the Convent dreamed
Its nun-like dream of peace and prayer.

The distant city's din and glare,
The world of sin and stress and loss,
In deepening twilight faded there
Before the Shadow of the Cross,

That fell, a grace, upon that hour—
The Cross that maketh bruised hearts whole
And with a more than sun-like power
A splendor sheds upon the soul.

Beyond, the still God's Acre loomed,
Where lily-like above the sod,
The white stones told of souls that bloomed
As lilies loved and culled by God.

White lilies nurtured tenderly,
Uplifted by the Hand of Love
To bloom through all the years to be,
Gardened by God above.

St. Joseph's Convent, Emmitsburg, Md.

ANGEL-WISE.

A bud unblown
Blooms at His throne ;
Their dove has flown
To God above ;
And angel-wise
With wistful eyes
Looks from the skies,
With larger love,

On dear ones here,
And year by year
As they draw near
She loving waits
To greet each face,
With radiant grace,
When they shall pace
The pearly gates.

A sunbeam's light
When days were bright,
A star when night
Would darken home.
Joy to their sight,
Their hearts' delight,
Sweet soul as white
As blown sea foam.

Kind winds caress
The grave they bless ;
With tenderness
Come shade and sun.
The yearning years
Own lonely tears,
Yet Jesus hears
"Thy Will be Done."

STARLIGHT.

I mused on Moultrie's sunlit strand
One summer day some summers gone,
When sky and sea and shining sand
Had Summer's Southern splendor on.

I sauntered there in sweet surcease
Of care one night when silver bars
Were on the sea, and pictured peace
In dreaming waves and wistful stars.

Earth's glories held my dazzled gaze
That radiant summer day gone by;
That pensive night through starlit ways
My heart reached out to God on high.

Tears dim your eyes in Sorrow's night.
But kneel. Lo! Faith and Hope and Love
Bar Sorrow with their starry light,
Caught from the Kindly Light above.

A VALENTINE.

Two little maidens, each a vine
Twining this oaken heart of mine.

Two little tongues whose words define
Goodness and gladness, Life's sunshine.

Four happy eyes that never repine,
Sending their sunniness into mine.

Two little tendrils that entwine,
Mother and Father—links divine.

Two little sunbeams, beaming benign
On Mother, making her shadows shine.

Two little angels smoothing each line
From Father's brow at day's decline.

Little magicians changing the brine
In Sorrow's cup to sparkling wine.

Two sinless souls that fondly enshrine
An Image divine, dear Jesus, thine.

Two little maidens, one of them nine,
God bless each, my Valentine.

An Innocent Victim.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

War gloomed the land ; death swept the plain
  Where battle raged with visage red,
And where amid the maimed and slain
  Sisters of Mercy, fearless sped.

A wounded man, a nun in prayer—
  Vision of peace in savage war,
An angel mid the demons there,
  Sublimer than an Emperor.

His blood is staunched, her prayer is said ;
  The bravest of the brave thou art.
Salute her ! God ! that bullet sped
  Straight to her vowed and virgin heart.

White in her hallowed grace she lies,
  Dead on the field ensanguined whence
Her soul flew up to Paradise,
  Winged with angelic innocence.

Laurel the victors in the fight,
  And wreathe the graves of heroes dead ;
But let this nun, it is her right,
  With immortelle be garlanded.

Marble and medal may record
  The passing tale of their renown ;
For her the "Well Done" of the Lord
  And His imperishable crown.

For them a paean, for her a hymn,
The spotless victim sacrificed
For man beloved, redeemed by Him
Victim divine, our Saviour Christ.

Soldiers in tears bear her away,
Vision of love in hate and war.
Who won, you ask, that direful day—
The love of Christ was conqueror.

SUMMITS.

A dear delight to leave the level ways
The senses sway, and din of street and mart,
And led by Talent and by Genius gaze
On treasures in their skyward temple Art.

A dear delight on that enchanted height
To worship Truth and Beauty in the hush
Of rapture at their forms of grace and might,
Wrought by Promethean chisel, pen and brush.

A dear delight. What matter if we say
In charming Meyerbeer somehow we hear
But Talent's voice ; or that in pensive Gray
But toiling Talent's fairest fruits appear.

A dear delight. What matter if we hold
The magic touch of Genius is upon
Our Shakespeare and on Homer's music of old,
Or sculptured splendors of the Parthenon.

A dear delight. But yet a higher delight
Than Mind may own, the Heart of man beseems ;
Far over Genius' over Talent's height
The higher, holier height of Goodness gleams.

'Tis well on heights of Mind and Heart to bide,
To seek the highest height, divinest goal,
The Mount where Christ our Love was crucified.
Summit supreme of man's adoring soul.

SONNETS.

CLOISTERED.

An Angel in a far off Springtime hour
Sped earthward from the radiant realms above,
To place a seal supreme of Heaven's love
On Heaven's chosen, best beloved flower.
He saw the flower of passion and of power,
The queenly Rose, so fair, so wondrous fair,
Spurning the shade and wooing the ardent glare,
And saddened passed the Rose's royal bower.
Fain would he find some vestal votaress
Gracing the Spring with chastened beauty blown,
Some fairer flower to mark for Heaven's own.
The mission of the Angel was not missed;
In cloistered spotlessness he saw and kissed
And crowned the Lily in its loveliness.

IN MEMORIAM.

Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, D. D.

BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

A slow sad year has winged its shadowed flight.
Green are the grasses over him who dwelt
Far upward on the heights of Thought, and spelt
The wording of God's wisdom, love and might
On Time and Space, and in the sun-like light
Of Faith, there, on the utmost summits knelt.
Kingly he was in thought—saintlier, he felt—
His great heart bowed upon the higher height
Of Christian charity. He viewed alone
The good in men and spoke it only. Thus
With God and man he lived, and by his own,
To higher, better lives he guided us;
And so our years shall hold, as this has held,
His memory by prayer sentineled.

THE LABARUM.

Peter alone, along the Appian Way!
A few poor Fishermen Apostles are
To win to Christ the nations near and far;
Speak, Catacombs and Colosseum, say
How many million martyrs passed away.
The warring world the march of Christ would bar,
But Constantine beholds the crosslike star,
The noonday presage of the Saviour's sway.

Golden our age and yet the Church owns grief.
The tyrants of our time are vandal Might,
Mammon adored and deadly Unbelief,
Blighting our better day with baneful night.
But lo! illuminating Christendom,
Lumen in Coelo, Leo's Labarum.

LEO XIII.

The mourning millions in their love enfold
The Great White Shepherd who so loved his sheep.
Leo, Christ's Vicar, great and good, asleep ;
Cold in St. Peter's lies his heart of gold,
His saintly brow in Heaven aureoled.
Priests at the altars prayerful vigils keep ;
Peace for her firmest friend comes here to weep.
But hark, a Voice, a truth divine, foretold —
Christ's "Tu es Petrus." Rock-like He would raise
His Church. "Docete omnes gentes," He
Declared. "Ecce vobiscum sum," all days
"Ad consummationem saeculi."
Come darkest night, come tempest, earthquake shock,
Lumen in Coelo lights the steadfast Rock.

A SILVER CYCLE.

An Episcopal Jubilee.

What hallowed visions on this day have met!
The Saviour saunters by the sunlit sea
And Peter hears his call: – "Follow Thou Me"—
The call that through the ages echoes yet
Thrilling the Levite's soul where Christ will set
The seal of Eucharistic sovereignty:
Lo! looms the Cenacle, Love's Mystery.
And words divine descend from Olivet:
"The Father sendeth Me, so I send you,
Go teach all nations"—the Episcopate
God's priesthood to ordain, direct, renew
Through plenitude of the Apostolate.
Great gift of God, these consecrated years
Of him whom every grateful heart reveres.

NOON AT NAPLES.

(Naples, July 26, 1905.)

I stand imparadised by the sea and sky
And crescent coast whose terraces caress
Olive and vine ; by isles of loveliness.
These in their peerless beauty Time defy.
Not so thy glories of an age gone by ;
Time with thy palaces was pitiless ;
Marbles broidering this Bay blue waves possess,
And in their depths triremes and galleons lie.

So through the noonday splendor shadows pass—
Decay and death to kingdoms and to kings,
To Art, to yonder Mantuan bard, alas !
But lo, there stands Saint Paul and tidings brings
Of Christ whose light divine no shadow mars,
Light of the World outlasting suns and stars.

NIGHT IN VENICE.

(Venice, August 9, 1905.

Once glorious Queen and fair Enchantress yet!
  Greek, Ottoman before thy Lions cowed,
  And Saracens to thy Crusaders bowed.
Here argosies from Orient oceans met;
And can we Titian, Veronese, forget?
  Queen of a radiant past, puissant, proud,
  In Bucentaur to Adriatic vowed,
Starshine for thee; thy splendid sun has set.

Queenly Enchantress still, thy coronal
  Men's love, thine own, and those who cross the sea,
Pilgrims whose hearts will hold high festival,
  Dreaming of beauty and remembering thee.
"Ave Maria"—Oh! the dulcet bars
Upon thy waters and beneath thy stars.

ON LISTED FIELD.

All hail! Sir Knight all hail, but not as when
  In joust or tourney of the olden days
  When lance was leveled for Fair Ladyes' praise;
But in the arena of the Press, we men
Salute the nobler knighthood of the Pen,
  And hail the pure white banner they upraise
  Amid the fiercer civic battle blaze—
The righteous knight nerved with the strength of ten.

A silver cycle of untarnished years
  Of service for the whiteness of men's souls,
Where love of all things clean and high appears
  Hallows your pen, your knighthood aureoles.
God grant you golden years, love-panoplied,
To serve us still, with golden word and deed.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Hail holy Priest! a name almost divine.
Over Christ's body real and mystical,
Sovereign! When from the Altar thou dost call,
Comes Christ in consecrated bread and wine,
Thy God obedient to word of thine.
Thou Alter Christus, sinners pardoning,
Changing the sin-cursed soul into a shrine
Wherein is throned our Eucharistic King.

Thou Other Christ, to heal the bruised of heart,
To wipe from eyes bereaved the streaming tears,
The peace of God to sinners to impart;
Thy heart God's own through all these golden years—
A half a hundred! Younger brothers we
Salute thee on thy Golden Jubilee.

THE COLOSSEUM.

(Rome, August 1, 1905.)

Mighty memorial of Rome's mighty sway
And of her ruin! Silence and solitude
Brood where cruel emperors and vestals viewed
Lean lions leap upon their Christian prey
On this ensanguined, consecrated clay;
Thousands on yonder towering tiers imbued
Their souls in sainted blood. No stain to-day
Upon these sacred sands once crimson hued.

With captives from destroyed Jerusalem
Vespasian, Titus wrought this wondrous pile,
Colossal monument to Rome and them.
How vast the ruin of splendor vast, erstwhile.
Thus trophies perish, laurels fade; not thus
Crowns of Ignatius and Telemachus.

THE CATACOMBS.

(Catacombs of St. Calyxtus, Rome, August 2, 1905.)

Darkness and silence and centurial gloom
Shrouding this city of the martyred dead,
Its sunless graves unflowered, ungarlanded:
Yea, here each caverned and embedded tomb
Itself is sepulchred, a double doom
To deep oblivion of saints who bled
For Christ. Nay, nay, these tombs illume
High souls and higher paths they fain would tread.

Gloom there is here unto the casual eye
Untrained to look beyond the mill and mart,
And see the triumph when the martyrs die
Crowning their immolation of the heart.
Gloom in the Catacombs; but elsewhere find
Diviner radiance glorifying mankind.

MORNING AT MONTMARTRE.

(Paris, August 21, 1905.)

Where are thy Lilies, France, among these weeds,
Thou Eldest Daughter of the Church? How long
O Lord, how long shall Godless rulers wrong
Her hallowed name, the while her bruised heart bleeds?
Here on this Mount of Martyrs intercedes
All day, and all the year, a changing throng,
Their love of God and France though wounded, strong;
And La Belle France for thee a pilgrim pleads.
Even the glamour of thy glory fades
Upon thy brow bowed in the deepening dark.
Ring out the "Deus Vult" of thy Crusades;
Rise, France! France of Saint Louis and Jeanne D'Arc--
Republic, yes, but call back Christ to thee,
And golden memories of thy Fleur de Lis.

WAFTURE.

A cool wind comes across the grassy square—
  Over what far-off centuries and seas
  Wandered this sweet, dew-laden summer breeze,
Scenting the street, caressing brows of care,
Trancing with dreams the early morning air?
  Perchance it moved, that night, among the trees
  On Olivet, and sighed for Christ with these,
While misted stars looked down in pity there.
Or on that day divine on Tabor, stirred
  To ecstacy, clasping the hovering Dove;
Or kissed the Saviour's lips, wafting each word
  Of Light and Life and dying yet deathless Love.
Thus city-pent, the balmy morning brings
Wafture of love for Christ on airy wings.

A LEAF AND A LIFE.

This Autumn leaf, wilted and wind-blown lies,
  Dead in its russet shroud, its velvet green
  Of Springtime faded, gone its glistening sheen.
Minister of the Sun that vivifies,
Friend of all living beings beneath the skies,
  Inhaling poison of the ambient air
  And breathing vital breath for all things fair ;
Yea, dead, nourishing seeds, in sheaves, to rise.

So I would live, grace, sunlike in my soul,
  Servant of Christ and men His brotherhood ;
My heart alembic-like dissolving dole,
  Transmuting evil it may meet to good ;
Then leave this love for men to think upon
And nurture grains of good when I am gone.

ODE.

ODE

READ AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,
EMMITSBURG, MD.,
OCTOBER 14, 1908.

Hail, Alma Mater, Mountain Mother, Queen!
Queen Mother, in centurial age serene
And beautiful! Our Alma Mater, crowned
With love of loyal sons wherever found!
The Mountain guards, the Valley graces thee,
Attendants on thy beauteous sovereignty,
And Springtime splendor that the valley fills
And Autumn glory on the reddening hills.
Bluest of skies thy lucent canopy,
Throned on the Blue Ridge, site of sanctity,
Thy Mother's land, land of the Pilgrim band,
Fair Land of Sanctuary, Maryland.
Thy Court these halls and sylvan solitude
By wraiths of Odyssey and Iliad wooed,
And shades of Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats;
And these, his kindred, Miles with welcome greets;
Miles, Poet of the Mount, to whom belong
Laurels of lettered Art, of sweetest song.
No lovelier limner of the Rose's hues,
No worthier wooer of the Christian Muse;
Miles, in whose verse, in every line we scan,
We meet the worshipper, the gentleman;
Our Miles! In her poetic Pantheon
America enshrines no purer son.

Here Science, far from tumult of the mart
Gazes starward, and Literature and Art
Worship the ultimate Ideal, their theme
The Splendor Veri, in this Academe.

Mother, not only of the mind, but soul;
Honors adorn, but virtues aureole.
The Muses and the Graces of old days,
And phantom sage and bard may haunt thy ways,
But ever round thee in the viewless air
Hover Dubois, Bruté, the men of prayer,
Whose labors College-crowned the Mountain's brow—
Apostles then, thy Guardian Angels now,
The silence sentient with their orisons
Blessing our Alma Mater and her sons.
And of the myriad Mountaineers we count
May we not name as Angel of the Mount,
McMurdie, loved as saint and sage and seer,
Whose speech was music, logic crystal clear;
Who led us, listening to the rhythmic laws
Of Nature, upward to the Primal Cause;
And could, with reverence, in man unroll
The curtain from the splendors of the soul;
And this he led, until in ecstasy,
We glimpsed the Temple of the Trinity,
And in the soul's enraptured lull
Saw God, the True, the Good, the Beautiful,
And, awed, could almost hear the heavenly host
Choiring to Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

He gave us Vision of the paths aglow
That lead to God, to love Whom we must know—
Mankind's first lesson and our destiny.
And this the Mission, Mother, set for thee.
Oh Alma Mater ! Angels' speech, not mine,
May tell the wisdom, reverence, love of thine
Merged in thy mission of a hundred years,
Wherein this Vision of our God appears.
And what this Vision, asks the eager mind
That would not grope through life unblessed and blind.

VISION.

What is thy vaunted Vision, Bard, demand
The Lords of Literature, the critics, when
The poet would sing within their castled halls.
Is it the vision of a voiceless void ?
Dim vision of a fathomless abyss
Beyond the senses' near phenomena ?
Despairing vision of a grave and then
Of dust and ultimate oblivion ?
Chantest thou anthems to insensate Chance,
To Beauty born of mindless molecules,
To Virtue child of nerve and ganglion ?
Laudest thou Nescience to Omnipotence ?
Is thine the vision of our ghastly God,
The blind and deaf and dumb Unknowable ?
Then enter in these lordly critics cry ;
Come, Poet, sing in our sepulchral halls.

And such there are, alas, in this our age
Who fain would dim the vision of our God,
And dwarf and darken man's high destiny.
Would they blot out the vitalizing Sun
That quickens seeds to sheaves, reddens the rose,
Because they cannot solve its processes ?
They seek Life's secret in a blade of grass,
But even there stand baffled, blind and dumb,
While high in solar splendor shines its source.

Sun of my Soul! Thou Lord of Light and Life!
Anoint my eager eyes that worshipful
They may behold the Vision of thy Might,
Lustrous with Love, on subject Time and Space;
On cell and star and all the rhythmic laws
That hymn in perfect harmony to Thee;
To see thy finger prints on radiant rose
On lucent lily and on azure skies,
And thy Almighty hand upon the laws,
The keys that make the music of the spheres;
For law in man or nature is not force
But its expression—shadow of the Hand
That steadies suns and systems, swings the stars.

Grant us the Vision in that other world,
The higher, holier world that shrines the soul,
Sun of my soul, to see thy living Light,
Its rays the grace and glory of the saint,
The halo of the cloistered bride of Christ,
The flame in the unquailing martyr's breast,
The light and life of human holiness;
Vision of greater beauty in the tear
That pity sheds, than in the sunset skies;
Of Art—not only grace of face and form
Marking the Milo and the Medici,
But Vision of the soul that lives enshrined
Within the Pieta of Michael Angelo,
Or Raphael's Madonnas faith-inspired,
And his Transfiguration's shining Christ.

Vision of beauty crowning charity,
Denial, duty, virtue, sacrifice,
Flowers of the soul abloom on Calvary ;
Vision of God's design in making man
Godlike in image, with a deathless soul,
With dignity and destiny divine,
All high ideals crystallized in Christ ;
Incarnate Light and Life, Light of the World,
Lighting with Pentecostal light the minds
That pray to leave the dark morass of doubt ;
Lighting the ways of penance leading out
From dungeoned slavery of souls in sin
To light and freedom of the sons of God ;
Lighting the chambers in the shadowed heart,
Dark for the smiling eyes that smile no more ;
Lighting the night of Death with gleams of dawn—
The glory of the Resurrection morn.

Ours be the Vision of these altar stairs
That mount through light, not darkness, up to God ;
Then nearer steps of Faith and Hope and Love ;
And ours, forevermore, the last step trod,
The Beatific Vision of our God.

This, Mountaineers, the Vision glorious
Our Alma Mater gives in trust to us.
Do we treasure that trust? Is Will at one
With Intellect, as when in days long gone,
We learnt to live as well as learnt to know,
Mind linked to Heart in equal, golden glow,
Together knowing, loving, serving God,
When thus these halls and terraces we trod?
Have luring glamours made the Vision dim?
Has traffic's tumult hushed the heavenly hymn?
Has maddened Passion with its lurid light
Eclipsed the Vision, leaving starless night?
And what is Passion asks the anxious heart—
Passion in Life and Literature and Art?

PASSION.

The Arbiters of Art, reflex of Life,
Of Art on canvas, marble, stage or page,
For Literature is complex lettered Art,
Decree that Passion must be pictured there,
And that the Poet, Nature's own High Priest,
Must render homage to this Eidolon.

Is it a demon or the Deity
To whom the hymning High Priest of the Heart,
Vested with reverence, must minister ?
To whom is offered this heart-holocaust ?
What the consuming fires of sacrifice ?
Come they from Heaven to cleanse and consecrate,
Or from below to balefully destroy ?
Where is the Altar ? Must the poet seek
A pagan night and Paphian paths half-lit
With sensuous fires from some Cytherean shrine ?
Passion—that unmanned Antony and changed
The Sorceress to Spectre of Old Nile—
That golden glamour gone to gruesome gloom—
Splendor of Egypt, passion-changed to shame
Enduring as her desert pyramids.
Passion—is it the flame of martyrdom
Upon the altar of the maiden's heart
There in the Colosseum, or the blaze
Of savagery in the Emperor's eyes
Gloating with beasts on virgin flesh and blood ?

The fire that raged in demon hearts around
The worshipped wanton throned in Notre Dame,
Or the white flame that canonized Jeanne D'Arc—
Halo, forever, on thy Lilies France!
Is it the pagan fire or purer flame
That fused the dross in great Augustine's heart?
Passion of Lancelot or Galahad –
The quest of erring Queen or Holy Grail?
That blighted knighthood and the Table Round
Or blent with whiteness of King Arthur's soul?
And in the priestly heart of Damien
Lit the lone way to leprous Molokai.

Yea, Poet, this it is, transmuting fire,
Aflame in crucibles of human hearts,
Refining crude affections, earthen aims
And changing love of self to love of Christ
And men for whom He died upon the Cross.
It is the grace-lit, cleansing, chastening fire
Consuming dross and rust and all alloy,
And leaving love most pure in golden hearts;
The burning love of Christ, the fire divine,
That made of Magdalen the sinner-saint.

Poet of Passion, lo! thy altar gleams
Where passion pure, flames in the heart most pure,
Shrined in this Temple of the Holy Ghost.
Minister there to consecrated love;
And God is Love; and on that altar glows
Passion of Patience, when the Soul is torn
Some night forlorn in some Gethsemane;
Passion of Silence, test supreme of strength,
When deadly Wrong assails the soul serene:
Passion of Resignation when the soul
Bereft of all can pray "Thy will be done;"

Passion of Sacrifice, when on some Cross
The soul leans lovingly to Christ nailed there;
Passion of Adoration when the heart,
Aflame with love, is fused in Love divine
And worshipful the soul to Heaven ascends;
When earth with all its fierce, unhallowed fires,
Even their smouldering embers quenched and cold;
Earth with its ashen roses, dead desires,
Its shrivelled idols and its cindered sins,
Slips from our feet of clay that stand unshod
High in the Temple of the Triune God.

This pure, white flame of Passion, Poet sing
Whether a rod or wreath the critics bring.
Sing Love, the Sacramental of the soul—
Its light thy Christian Muse will aureole.
Sing Poet, this Passion of the soaring soul
Winging its flight under divine control;
When tempests of the heart find sweet surcease
And Passion passes into perfect peace.

Thus, Brothers, panoplied in Mind and Heart,
Our Mother sent us forth to act our part
In battle brunt or on the listed field,
Returning with or on our stainless shield—
The shining shield of Faith, gilded by grace,
The fight in private or in public place,
For God and Country, love of each akin ;
For there is civic virtue, civic sin.
God rules the State and rulers of all men,
His signet conscience in the citizen ;
And whether false at Mars' or Mammon's nod,
Traitor to country is traitor to God.
Knightly we went forth, Mother, blessed by thee,
Armored with honor and with honesty,
Eager to help our country in her need
And meet her traitor foes of Graft and Greed.
Our Country ! North and South and East and West
Meet here in rivalry to love her best.

Hail Alma Mater with thy hundred years !
Thy sons, a brotherhood of Mountaineers,
Salute thee in thy beauteous youth renewed,
With queenlier mien than younger scions viewed ;
With statelier courts and loftier corridors
Than held thy earlier poets and orators ;
Mother, mindful of soul and head and heart,
With grander Temple and with ampler Art,
Harvest of sainted seeds and prosperous years
And largess of thy loyal Mountaineers.
But Mountain Mother with the old heart still,
Clasping to thine our own with love athrill ;
Wherever we may dwell, wherever roam,
Next to our kindred's home, our other home.
Mary, Mother of God, still hallows thee,
Graced with her name, her cherished charge to be,
As in the past, through all the future years ;
Loved Mount Saint Mary's, where her Mountaineers
Look up to Mary's Maiden Motherhood
And see all womanhood shine pure and good.
O happy days ! O hallowed memories !
The Spirit of the Mountain lives through these.
In yonder Grotto, in the high ravine,
We kneel again in homage to our Queen ;
The upland Lake, the Fountain in its flow
Mirror fond faces of the long ago ;
There on the moonlit terrace memory hears
Songs in the silence, voices of old years ;
The lone God's Acre on the Mountain side,
With sainted dust is doubly sanctified ;
Through unforgetting years words echo still
That thrilled us in the Church upon the Hill ;
The dear old Chapel stands where young hearts bowed,
And life and love and all to God were vowed.

Hail Mother! on thy beauteous brow unite
The glories of a Century—a Crown,
A golden crown fitting thy fair renown,
Throned in our hearts and on this classic height.
The Mind finds here its Palace of Delight,
The Heart a Home from other home apart;
Sweet Sanctuary of the Soul thou art,
Hallowed with radiance of the Kindly Light.
God bless our Alma Mater aureoled
With sanctity of sons her terrace trod,
From priest to Cardinal, whose hearts of gold
She formed and consecrated unto God.
We thank Thee, Lord, for all these glorious years,
We, loving sons and loyal Mountaineers.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

THE ROBINS' SONG.

Away, away with the icicles,
With the grasses' snowy cover ;
Come again the green to the russet hills,
Come again to the valleys the clover.
Away, away with the cloud and the gloom,
With the skeleton branches that sadden ;
Come again to the forest and field of bloom,
Come again the skies that gladden.
"Cheer up ! cheer up" the robins sing,
Sing in the valley cheerily ;
"Cheer up ! cheer up" the robins sing,
Sing on the mountain cheerily
Sing in our hearts so cheerily.

Old eyes, young eyes, like the meadows and skies
Let your smiles be brighter and brighter ;
Hearts, echo the songs that joyously rise,
Let your cares be lighter and lighter ;
Depart, depart from the shadowed heart
Grim ghost of the days that were cheerless ;
Hasten thy coming glad Spring for thou art
The soul of the days that are tearless.
"Cheer up ! cheer up" the robins sing,
Sing in the valley cheerily ;
"Cheer up ! cheer up" the robins sing,
Sing on the mountain cheerily
Sing in our hearts so cheerily.

SINGING ON THE TERRACE.

The day is done, the setting sun
No longer lends its golden splendor
To college walls, where moonlight falls,
A silvery veil with witchery tender.
Where players sprang and laughter rang,
We pace the terrace pensively ;
Books are forgot, each college spot
Is hallowed in our reverie,
While singing on the Terrace.

The head grows still, the heart athrill,
Is with the loved of other years,
And sounding seas and sighing trees
Are undertones the spirit hears.
We sing our song and faces throng
The terrace and the mountain height.
Through moonlit skies come lovelit eyes,
That wistful make our own to-night,
While singing on the Terrace.

That sweetest tone, our mother's own,
  Comes back along the years, and makes
The song we sing a sacred thing,
  In which the heart to love awakes.
Yes, loved ye are, O voices far,
  That made our moments music then ;
O sunny days, we sing your praise,
  And call you back to life again,
    While singing on the Terrace.

Sing on, sing on ; when days are gone,
  Melodious as the songs we sing,
When clouded years bring flowing tears,
  The echoes of our songs shall ring
Through songless days and darkened ways,
  And Alma Mater's peace impart,
And memory to melody
  Attune again the weary heart,
    Once singing on the Terrace.

THE CHURCH UPON THE HILL.

The current of my youthful thoughts
So wont to seek the glow
That radiates from Lotos Lands
Now glides in deeper flow,
And straight it swiftly speeds to thee,
Thou haven safe and still,
Of tempest-tossed and weary souls,
Old Church upon the Hill.

The toilers in the teeming fields
Look up with love and hail
Thy form upon the Mountain side,
Throned warden of the vale :
Morning's first rays dart up to thee,
And setting sunbeams fill
Thy chancel with a splendor then,
Old Church upon the Hill.

No Raphael's genius put a soul
In thy old hallowed walls ;
No arch or pillar, wondrous fair,
An Angelo recalls :
But glories greater far are thine
And all thy being fill,
Shrining our Eucharistic Christ,
Old Church upon the Hill.

Fond hearts can paint where Art has not
And Beauty's spell infuse ;
And ours transfigure thee, Old Church,
With love's surpassing hues.
And come what will of smiles or tears,
These hearts will love thee still
Through all the unforgetting years,
Old Church upon the Hill.

OUT TO THE HARBOR BAR.

Away, far away, on the crested waves,
In the Summer breeze's embraces,
Our yacht flies on through the spray that laves
Our sunlit and shadowless faces ;
Glad as the gleaming gulls and as free
A day from the deep we borrow,
Happy with sunshine, breeze and sea—
To-day, who recks of to-morrow ?

With never a qualm for the drenching we get,
Or the bronze that our faces are taking,
We seaward head her, all canvas set,
Out where the billows are breaking,
And cheer as we rock on the foaming tide,
Glowing in the day-god's glances,
To see, as if with the sunbeams she vied,
How our Ocean Queen daintily dances.

The breakers that bound, as if but to crush,
Bow and their homage render ;
The sun in his parting and purple flush
Enfolds her in tenderer splendor ;
Mellower the voice of the sounding deep,
The surf on the shingle sending ;
Æolian the winds through her cordage sweep,
Their tones with our chorus blending.

From the blue afar, the evening star
Beams on the drowsy ocean,
As back from our run to the harbor bar
We glide with a dreamy motion.
Oh ! joy, to be as kings as free,
The billows beneath, the skies above us ;
Loved best are we when the sun and the sea
And the Summer breezes love us.

Summer Vacation.

NIGHT PRAYERS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Above in moonless skies no stars are gleaming
To light the night ;
But down the mountain from the Church comes streaming
The chastened light.

Our upward way in silence we are wending
To evening prayers,
While with our higher, lower thoughts are blending—
Youth's fleeting cares.

Toilsome we climb, but comes the olden story
To urge our zest,
That arduous summits won own greater glory,
Sweeter rest.

We kneel. The Stabat Mater's notes are filling
The Church and tell
Of tears ; and yet with bliss our hearts are thrilling
Beneath a spell.

Sweet peace abides ; all holy things grow dearer ;
Here God controls
Each thought and Heaven comes a little nearer
Our wayward souls.

Our prayers are said and in our hearts is glowing
The Kindly Light,
And lingers still the spell on students going
Into the night.

How changed ! The moonbeams up the vale have darted ;
Far down the West
The darkness flees. Tired toilers happy-hearted
Are blest with rest.

For echoes of our hymn hushed winds are listening ;
O'er mount and dell
Reigns Peace. Lo ! pictured in the moon's calm glistening
Behold our spell.

CREED.

I believe that weak hearts die
Who, loving self, their idol deify ;
  Poor Hedonists with Lotos filleted
And poppy-perfumed through ignoble hours.
So sacrifice, denial, Calvary's flowers,
  Mid weedy thoughts of self fall withered, dead.

I believe though years shall die
And Time the gladness of like days deny,
  Those days that left their summer in the heart,
Still over intervening pines or seas
Old songs shall echo, sweetest melodies
  Within my songless heart where'er thou art.

I believe if you should die
And lie by moaning waves or pines that sigh,
  The radiant memories of those Mountain days
Would not lie dead, but risen beautified,
Would be like white-robed Angels by my side,
  To guide me upward through unsunny ways.

I believe if I should die
And lie forgot beneath some far-off sky,
  Above, the while, I should look down on you,
On happy hearts your own would render so,
And pray as in those dear, dead days below—
  The songful summer days on Earth we knew.

I believe when we shall die
And other hearts shall pass unheeding by
  The dear old Mountain paths we erstwhile trod,
We two upon the "everlasting hills"
Shall know no death, but life that thrills
  The raptured soul forevermore with God.

I believe that strong hearts live
Blest with the deepest bliss the years may give,
  Who love, but loving tremblingly adore;
Who see the higher beauty from above
In beauteous beings, and leaving love, still love
  God's creatures not the less but God the more.

GOOD FRIDAY.

We knelt upon the hill to-day,
Knelt in the dear old Church with hearts bowed low
On Calvary, far, far away,
That saw the Saviour's woe.

Ah me! what hearts low bowed,
What tenderer hearts upon that day far off,
Kneeling amid the maddened crowd,
Were bruised by jeer and scoff.

More deeply bruised those hearts athrill
With love and pain, long centuries ago,
To view upon that other hill
God's utterness of woe.

A woe was there beyond the lance,
Beyond the nails, the thorns, the bitter wood,
The woe of Christ's pained, pitying glance
At our ingratitude.

Ah yes, for me Death swept
Athwart that hill, the great Heart bleeding broke;
Earth darkling shuddered, Heaven wept,
A world redeemed awoke.

Lord, lift me to some hill
Of prayer, of pain if so Thy will should be,
My heart upon some Cross until
Bruised, it bleeds for Thee.

A Wreath of Ilex Leaves /
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